Poor Robins

Character of a

DUTCH-MAN,

As also his

PREDICTIONS

On the affairs of the

UNITED PROVINCES

OF

HOLLAND.

TOGETHER

With a brief Epitomy of the Ingratitude of the *Dutch*, and their barbarous cruelties committed on the *English* at *Amboyna*, *Polaroon*, and other Islands in the

EAST INDIES.

The Savages to Scythian *Rocks confin'd,*
That know no God nor virtue of the mind,
But only sence pursue, who hunger tame,
With slaughter'd loves they and their food, the same
Are not so cruel as these Men so rude
Who do requite Love with Ingratitude.

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of Pickering

1672

Poor Robins Character of a Dutch-man.

London for Benj. Harris

1672

READER,

THou art desired to take notice that, that idle Pamphlet Entituled, *POOR ROBINS Collection of Antient Prophesies*, was none of his doing nor concern, but done for profit by some other Person, and not *POOR ROBIN.*

POOR ROBINS
Predictions on the affairs of the
UNITED PROVINCES.
OF
HOLLAND.

EUROPE now being the Stage of Action, whereon *Mars* seems to keep his Court, and *English men* like the *Athenians* having itching Ears after News, being more desirous to know what is to come, then to rectifie what has been done amiss formerly; and I coming under the Notion of an Astrologer or Star-gazer, and foretelling as many truths in my Predictions as any of my Brethren Almanack-Makers; being thereto perswaded by many of my acquaintance, and yet (to confess truth) not without some relish of profit to my self; have also (amongst others) adventured to show you my Judgement of affairs, knowing, that (with the mouse) I can eat as far into a *Holland cheese* as another.

But some cavilling Spirits will be apt enough to say, that these kind of Predictions are but meer cheats, that now a dayes, the surest way of Prophecying is after the thing is come to pass; that the Stars are not so legible to an Astrologers understanding, that out of them he can read what future events will ensue. This is the opinion of a great many, but to such Nullifidians, hear what the Divine *Duobartas* sayes,

Senceless is he who (without blush) denies
What to sound sences most apparent lies:

PB.40.

i.

And 'gainſt experience he that ſpits Fallations,
Is to be hiſt from learned diſputations,
And ſuch is he who doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on theſe Inferiours.
Though Heavens effects we moſt apparent ſee
In number more then Heavenly torches be,

But to come more cloſe to our matter, to ſpeak ſomething of theſe people who are of late tranſmografied from *The Poor diſtreſſed States*, to the *High and Mighty Hogen Mogens*, that ſcorn to eat Fat Bacon without Bread and Butter; In whoſe Bellies (like Barrels) lie many pickled Herrings ſtewed therein with Brandy; that ſcorn to drink by Retail, but by whole-Sale; whoſe cups are not in *Decimo Sexto* but in *Folio*, whoſe Noſes in the cup in Winter ſaves the labour of a Toaſt, and is enough to give their drink a ſecond brewing; blind men with eyes, and Cripples with Legs on,

Who will for fourteen hours together ſit,
Emptying the Bouls of Wine, the Brains of Wit.

Thoſe who have ſeen my Obſervations and Predictions which I made upon the Blazing Star or Comet that appeared in *December*, 1662. may there find what direful effects I prefaged would enſue thereupon, eſpecially to *Zealand*, *Holland*, and the reſt of the *United Provinces*, whoſe Tayl tended directly towards them, for ſuch warnings queſtionleſs come not in vain; and though we cannot excuſe our ſelves from many and grievous ſins, yet ſuch monſtrous ingratitude as the *Hollanders* have ſhown to the *Engliſh*, ſuch bloody and inhumane butcheries committed by them againſt us at *Amboyna*, *Polaroon*, and other places in the *Eaſt Indies*, ſuch inſolencies at Sea, and ingratitude by Land, muſt needs cry aloud for vengeance.

Ingratitude is a vice ſo accurſt
That of all vices we account it worſt.

Falſo by the Eclipſes which happened in the next Year, told ſome of my Friends who are now living to juſtifie it, what ſad effects they did portend to that *Low-Country*, but *High-minded* people.

For

For when pale faced Cynthia *at Noon dayes*
Doth intercept Sols *moſt refulgent Rayes,*
But ſome great State Eclipſeth and from Hell
Alecto *looſes all theſe Furies fell,*
Grim lean fac'd Famine, *foul infectious* Plague,
Blood thirſty War *and* Treaſon *hateful Hag:*
Here pouring down Woes Univerſal Flood
To drown the World in Seas of tears and blood.

We read in *Æſop* of a Man who found a Snake nigh dead with cold, which he kindly took home, warm'd and nouriſhed, when growing luſty, inſtead of thanks it would have devour'd the man. Such are theſe *Dutch Low Landers*, who near expiring in the time of *Queen Elizabeth*, being ready to give up the Ghoſt, and turn under Scullars to *Charon* the Ferry-man, were by the *Engliſh* kindly aided and aſſiſted, by whoſe valour they retained their Country, and now being warmed without with good cloaths, and within with Brandy, they ſpurn, kick and moleſt that Nation, without whoſe aid they had been at this day no Nation themſelves.

Call me ungrateful Man (ſays the Poet) and call me any thing. 'Twas a vice deteſted even amongſt the Heathens themſelves. The Lyon out of whoſe Foot *Androgeus* pulled the Thorn, even that dumb beaſt could have taught them better manners; for he in requital ſav'd his preſervers life; but for man who ſhould be endued with reaſon above beaſts, to come ſo far behind beaſts in gratitude, what thing can be more unreaſonable? Well may we therefore cry out with *Rombus* the Schoolmaſter in Sir *Philip Sidneys Arcadia*.

O *Temporibus*, O *Manoribus*.

But to perſwade a *Dutch man* to thankfulneſs, is almoſt as hard a task as to diſſwade him from his deareſt delight *Brandy*, that Liquor which he accounts of more then the Poets do of *Helicon*, or the *Theſpian Spring*, and of which if you refuſe to pledge him, he will preſently be at *Snick a-ſnee*, where though he kill you, they will be ſo far from ſtopping him, that with one voice they will cry, *Lope ſcellum*, *Lope*, which is in *Engliſh*, *Run thief, run*, a very fit appellation for them; for hear how the Poet doth enſtile drunkenneſs.

Audacious thief, that oft before ours fact,
Steals Man away, and leaves a beaſt in place.

And

And ſo much are they addicted to that ſwiniſh vice of drunkenneſs, that not only whole nights are conſumed by them; but in their Cups they will alſo conſult of matters of State; a cuſtome which the old *Grecians* uſed; but more temperately, for thus in *Homers Iliads* we find *Neſtor* adviſing *Agamemnon*.

Phœbe convivium ſenibus, deret te, nec indecens eſt:
Plena tibi vino tentoria, quod hamates achivorum.
Quotidiana ex Thracia per latum pontum advehunt.
Omnis tibi eſt commoditas excipiendi, multiſque imperas.
Multis autem congregatis, illi obdies qui optimum.
Conſilium conſulerit. Lib. 1.

Feaſt thou the antient, it befits thy place,
With Wine by Greek Ships daily brought from Thrace.
Thy Tents abound, Proviſion at hand,
Of all ſorts haſt thou, and Men at command.
Many aſſembled ſo, amongſt the reſt,
His counſel follow that adviſeth beſt.

This their ſo great inebriation cauſed as I conceive our Engliſh Proverb when they ſee a Man fuddled, to ſay *he is as drunk as a Dutchman*; well may we therefore conclude of theſe Men who are ſo given to *ſtagger*, that they are near *falling*; and then theſe *Water Rats* who in adverſity creep and fawn like *Spaniels*, and in proſperity ſcorn and diſdaine their *ſuperiors*, may be reduced from larding fat *bacon* when they feed on it with *butter*, to be fain and mannerly, and eat Bread with their Pudding.

It is ſaid of an *Engliſh Man*, that by two things he may be known whereſoever he comes; The one is, that let the weather be never ſo hot, he will endeavor to get towards the Chimney corner; and his ſecond Character tells us, that when he hears the Clock ſtrike, upon the firſt ſtroke, he asks him that is next him, *what is it a Clock?* He has not the patience to tell it himſelf, whereby he might know, but by his inquiſitiveneſs hinders the other alſo from telling it, by which means they both remain ignorant; Theſe are two harmleſs things which often in Jeſt I have heard ſpoken of our Nation. Now there is alſo two things whereby a *Dutch Man* may be known, The firſt is, that tell him of any benefit received, and he hath the art of forgetfulneſs

at

at his Fingers ends; and for the second, that when he rises in a morning, the first word that comes out of his mouth is to ask for *brandy*; and I have also heard it (I suppose Jestingly) spoken, that when the Women wean their Children, they only take a *Sucking bottle* and fill it full of *brandy*, of which when the Child hath once tasted, he never regards his Mothers milk afterwards.

A *Dutch Man* is like an Otter, that lives partly on the Water, partly on the Land, and gets Preys upon both, all is Fish that comes to Net; and as when living he commonly feeds upon Fishes, so when dead the Fishes commonly feed upon him; for though he may escape St. *Thomas a Watterings*, yet for the most part he makes his *exit* at Sea, when for to save the charges of a Grave he is thrown into the Water, where one *Shark* devours another.

Strange thing in Nature 'tis if you it heed
That one Shark should upon another feed,
Hogs will not feed on Hogs, neither yet will
The Wolves eat Wolves, nor seek their blood to spill;
But O a Dutch Man *he is dainty Meat,*
And dress in pickle fit for Sharks to eat.

A *Dutch Man* in his great breeches is like to the picture I have seen of *Some body*, and such he would feign accounted to be. He keeps a bustle in the world, drinks, slavers, and when he is a hungry offers up his devotions to a *pickled Herring*, which he will maintain by nineteen severall arguments, to be the rarest dish in the world, and his chiefest argument is, because it is a Shooing horn to draw down drink. He is very curious to keep his shoes clean, yet had rather foul a Room by vomiting, then to be bated one ace of his beloved Liquor. In sum, when sleep had a little revived him of the Staggers, he looks like a toast drown'd in ale, which is only fit to be thrown away.

He is Judged to be very chast, and the reason is, she must be very mercinary indeed that will admit him to her imbraces, yet such trading may be, because those people deal for ready money, and should she do a courtesie for a *Dutch Man* he would not thank her for it, though perhaps he might have cause to remember her in his bones.

But to draw towards a conclusion of the Character of a *Dutch Man*, least we bestow more cost of the sauce then the Meat is worth. I shall only add a word or two of exhortation to those Sons of *Neptune* and *Bellona*,

Bellona, our Gallant Seamen, and ſo finiſh at this time.

Brave Martial Spirits, whoſe valour the world admires and dreads; you are now entring on the Theatre of honour and renown, fighting for your King and Country, then which no cauſe whatſoever more juſt and glorious, victorious fame attends your undertakings, in ſo juſt, ſo laudable, ſo honourable an enterprize. Dread not thoſe Men whoſe high ingratitude hath juſtly made them odious to all ſorts of People who have but the leaſt pretenſions to honeſty. Go on bravely, fight valiantly, and never fear but to come off victoriouſly.

Then ſhall the Chronicles record your Names,
With laſting Honour and your ſplendid Fames,
Shall ever live, who for your Countries good,
So bravely and undauntedly have ſtood.

FINIS.

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